

Home Circle

Our Boys

Father, to Thee we breath the prayer
That Thou wouldst show thy tender care,
And from each hidden, hurtful snare,
Each day, persevere our boys.

For them our ardent spirits yearn ;
To them our heart's affections turn ;
Incline their hearts Thy way to learn,
And richly bless our boys.

When duty's path seems steep and long,
And when the tempter's power is strong,
From every subtle form of wrong,
O Lord, persevere our boys.

In paths of truth direct their feet ;
Keep them in temper kind and sweet,
And ever for Thy service meet
Make all our noble boys.

May grace divine within them reign ;
May they be kept from every stain ;
Life's true reward may they obtain,
And be right noble boys.

To them Thy saving grace extend,
And from all harm their eyes defend,
And to Thyself, when life shall end,
Bring all our noble boys.

—Way of Faith.

Fathers and Children

Christian Guardian.

We believe that the home is just as vital an institution in God's thought for human welfare, and in God's working for man's redemption, as is the church. The Old Testament is just as emphatic about home life as it is about places of worship, and the duties of parents were earlier and more fundamental than those of priests or Levites. The New Testament is just as explicit in its direction to husband, wives, parents, and children as it is concerning deacons or pastors or bishops. The last verse of the Old Testament is significant. It describes the work of the great prophet of God, who was to come, and is as follows, "And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse" (Mal. 4: 6).

The meaning is obvious. The worst calamities that can befall society arise from the neglect of the chief interests of childhood. The world's weal is best promoted when all the wants of the children are supplied. It is said of the great Indian missionary, Xavier, that in one of his fields of work he was so pressed with hundreds of persons coming to him for instruction, that he became quite worn out with service. He then said to his servant, "I must rest and sleep; if not, I shall die." He then retired to his tent, and his servant commenced the watch. It was not long before an anxious inquirer appeared at the door. Xavier beckoned to his servant and said: "I made a mistake. I made a mistake. If a little child comes, call me." There is something in this that reminds one of the Master. He was never too weary to recognize the little ones. Once, perhaps out of consideration for him, the disciples would have kept them away, but he rebuked them

and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

If there is any abandonment of the parental responsibility and control, and any easy-going shifting of these to school-teachers in Sunday or day schools, then there is a vital defect that can only bring disaster. The principal of one of our collegiate institutes writes thus in a recent number of the Educational Monthly: "To me this abandonment of parental responsibility and control, and the shunting it on the Sunday school and day-school teacher, seems about the most serious defect in our modern civilization. Think of fathers and mothers coming to us and saying, as I have heard them say: 'I do wish you would take John (or Mary) aside, and have a talk with him, and see if you can't get him to do so and so. I can do nothing with him.'"

If I Were a Girl

Presbyterian.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls in this year of grace, that I would try to leave undone, and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do, says a writer in "Missionary Tidings."

If I were a girl I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthful, well-knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year. I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl I would learn, as early as possible, to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook, and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words, and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant and to mean what I said.

If I were a girl I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a

Roman, and how and where Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the English language is known and a public library is accessible.

If I were a girl I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the same time wisely used would give me a lifelong acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the dance, the card table, and the theater be so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived. I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by cant and "goodishness," but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will."

Only a Baby

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, maybe:
Something to give even sorrow a grace—
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses;
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, maybe;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford

Perhaps your Master knows what a capital plowman you are, and he never means to let you become a reaper, because you do the plowing so well.—Spurgeon.

Sisters' Society C. E.

LOVE

Selected and read before the S. S. C. E., by Mrs. B. R. Johnson.

Many live and die knowing nothing of love except thru their intellect. Their ideas on the subject are fanciful, because it has never been revealed by consciousness.

Yet it were to question the benignity of God to believe that an element of our being so operative and subtle and one that abounds chiefly in the good and the gifted, is of light